

*The Historie*

Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,  
And shewde thou makst some tender of my life,  
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prin.* O God they did me too much iniury,  
That euer I did I harkned for your death,  
If it were so, I might haue let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,  
Which would haue been as speedy in your end  
As al the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sau'd the trecherous labour of your sonne.

*King.* Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawfey. *Exit Ki:*

*Enter Hotspur.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prin.* Thou speakst as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Pr.* Why then I see a very valiant rebel of the name;  
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Now shal it Harry, for the houre is come  
To end the one of vs, and would to God  
Thy name in armes were now as great as mine.

*Prin.* Ile make it greater ere I part from thee,  
And al the budding honors on thy crest  
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

*They fight: Enter Falstaffe.*

*Falst.* Well said Hall, to it Hall. Nay you shall find no boyes  
play here I can tel you.

*Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he fals  
down as if he were dead, the Prince  
killeth Percy.*

*Hot.* Oh Harry thou hast robd me of my youth,  
I better brooke the losse of brittle life  
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

*They*

*of Henrie the four*

They wound my thoughts worse then  
But thoughts the slaues of life, and life ti  
And time that takes suruey of all the w  
Must haue a stop. O I could prophecy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of de  
Lies on my tongue: no Percy thou art  
And food for.

*Pr.* For wonnes, braue Percy, Fare thee  
Ill weaud ambition, how much art thou  
When that this body did containe a spi  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is roome inough, this earth that beares  
Beares not aliue so stout a gentleman,  
If thou wert sensible of curtesie  
I should not make so deare. Hew of ze  
But let my fauors hide thy mangled face  
And euen in thy behalfe ile thanke my  
For doing these faire rights of tenderne  
Adiew and take thy praise with thee to  
Thy ignominy sleepe with thee in the g  
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

*He spieth Falstaffe on the g*  
What old acquaintance, could not all th  
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke farewe  
I could haue better sparde a better man  
O I should haue a heavy misse of thee,  
If I were much in loue with vanitie:  
Death hath not strooke so fat a Deere  
Though many dearer in this bloody fra  
Inboweld will I see thee by and by,  
Til then in blood by noble Percy lie.

*Falstaffe riseth u*  
*Fal.* Inboweld, if thou inbowel me  
to powder me and eate me too to mor  
to counterfet; or that hot termagant Sc  
lot too. Counterfet? Lie, I am no cou  
counterfet, for he is but the counterfet

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